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A. Lincoln.

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Lincoln

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"New birth of our new soil, the first American"

A Brief Biographical Sketch of Lincoln,
Fitting Appreciations of his Character,
and a Compilation of Selections from
his State Papers, Addresses and Letters,
Designed to Impress the Rising Generation
with His Intense Americanism and Unfalter-
ing Love of Country, and to Inspire it
to Deeper Contemplation and Study of
His Life and Achievement and to Constant
Emulation of His Uplifting Example

Edward H. Matthews

Prepared under the direction of
LINCOLN CENTENARY COMMITTEE of the CITY OF NEW YORK
appointed by
His Honor GEORGE BRINTON McCLELLAN, Mayor

1908

The Lincoln Centenary Committee of the City of New York.

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The Purpose.

THE aim of this pamphlet, prepared for distribution in the Public Schools of New York City on the occasion of the ceremonies attending the Commemoration of the Centennial Anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's Birth, is not, aside from an illuminating and suggestive brief glance at the salient features of his career, to be biographical.

The historian has left nothing unrevealed in the life and career of Lincoln. No incident connected therewith; no public or private utterance of his; no scrap of paper bearing his slightest word, has been permitted to escape the painstaking researches of his biographers.

These exhaustive chronicles, together with much lofty and instructive literature bearing on the life and character of Lincoln, are within easy command of every school boy and girl.

It is rather, therefore, the purpose of this pamphlet, by a compilation of selections from Lincoln's State papers, his public addresses, his letters, his sayings, in which his intense Americanism, his reverence for the Constitution and Declaration of Independence, his patriotic devotion to the Union, his broad humanity, are revealed so vividly and eloquently, to stimulate our rising generation in a desire for deeper and more appreciative study of this "most American of Americans"; to impress it with the fact that the life, character and achievement of Abraham Lincoln stand forth as do those of no other American since Washington as something beyond human example for its utmost reverence and constant emulation.

Aside from the general application of this purpose there lies a peculiar hope and belief that this presentation of testimony to the consuming patriotism and admirable personality of Lincoln will particularly appeal to the youth of foreign birth or alien parentage among us.

The forlornest immigrant, fleeing from poverty or oppression in his native land to seek on our shores the refuge and enjoy the blessings and privileges of our country and its government, saved and preserved to him and to us for all time by Abraham Lincoln, left never a more wretched, squalid, hopeless home than the one in which that immortal American—Patriot, Statesman, Martyr—opened his eyes to the light of day. Yet he closed them upon it the glorified tenant of a Nation's home the most enviable on earth wherein man may dwell.

Born the lowly, neglected backwoods boy. Dying a greater than the mightiest king—not in despotic power or the glitter of pomp, but in the circumstance of splendid achievement for his country and mankind.

Moreover, the purpose of this offering of suggestive subjects conducive to a closer study of Lincoln's example is not alone to impress our youth with the beauty and nobility of his character and the grandeur of his work for their inspiration and emulation. It is likewise with the hope of imbuing them still more intensely with love for, and moving them to deeper devotion to, a country under the fulfilling genius of whose institutions, as Lincoln understood and interpreted their spirit and intent, became possible the evolution of a world figure at once so simple, so noble, so great as he.

“The First American.”

From the Ode by James Russell Lowell, recited July 21, 1865, on the occasion of the ceremonies in commemoration of Harvard graduates who gave their lives to their country during the Civil War.

“The First American.”

Life may be given in many ways,
And loyalty to Truth sealed
As bravely in the closet as the field,
 So bountiful is Fate;
 But then to stand beside her,
 When craven churls deride her,
To front a lie in arms and not to yield,
 This shows, methinks, God's plan
 And measure of a stalwart man,
 Limbed like the heroic breeds,
Who stand self-poised on manhood's solid earth,
Not forced to frame excuses for his birth,
Fed from within with all the strength he needs.
Such was he, our Martyr-Chief,
 Whom late the Nation he had led,
 With ashes on her head,
Wept with the passion of an angry grief.
 * * * * *
 Nature, they say, doth dote,
 And cannot make a man
 Save on some worn-out plan,
 Repeating as by rote:
For him her Old-World moulds aside she threw,
 And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
 Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.
 How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
 Not lured by any cheat of birth,
 But by his clear-grained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!
 They knew that outward grace is dust;
 They could not choose but trust
In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill
 And supple-tempered will
That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust.
 His was no lonely mountain peak of mind,
 Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
 A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors blind;
 Broad prairie, rather, genial, level-lined,
 Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars.
 Nothing of Europe here,
Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward still,
 Ere any names of Serf or Peer

Could Nature's equal scheme deface
And thwart her genial will;
Here was a type of the true older race,
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face.
I praise him not; it were too late;
And some innate weakness there must be
In him who condescends to victory
Such as the Present gives, and cannot wait,
Safe in himself as in a fate.
So always firmly he:
He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.
Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes;
These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.



EARLY HOME OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

At Elizabethtown, Hardin County, Ky.

(From the Complete Works of Abraham Lincoln, by special permission
of Francis D. Tandy Company.)

Birth and Rise of Lincoln.

Birth and Rise of Lincoln.

THOMAS LINCOLN, orphaned in his early boyhood, a wandering laborer, "ignorant, needy and thriftless," of a rude and rugged pioneer ancestry, every generation of which had struggled with the hardships, toils and perils of frontier life, having wandered from his native Virginia wilderness to the newer one of Kentucky, at the age of twenty-eight married Nancy Hanks, of a family, like the Lincolns, with no pride of ancestry nor hope of fortune; a most estimable woman withal, superior mentally to her husband and more serious of purpose. This was in 1806. Three years later, to this parentage that had inherited poverty and augmented the heritage; in a miserable hut—a one-roomed cabin without floor or window—in a sterile and solitary part of that Kentucky wilderness; "in the midst of the most unpromising circumstances that ever witnessed the advent of a hero into the world," a son was born, on the 12th day of February, 1809.

This son they named Abraham. And from the squalor and wretchedness of that nativity, through years of toil and struggle and suffering, the heir to it all rose to be the Patriot, the Statesman, the President, the Liberator—Abraham Lincoln.

Thomas Lincoln, "content if he could keep body and soul together for himself and his family, was ever seeking, without success, to better his unhappy condition by moving on from one such scene of dreary desolation to another," and when Abraham was four years old the family was removed from that cabin in Hardin County to another location. This being no more promising than the first, the pinch of poverty remained with them, and at last, in the year 1816, Thomas Lincoln emigrated from Kentucky and settled in Indiana with his family, not far from Gentryville, but still in the wilderness, and in a locality of such unwholesome environment that after two years of miserable existence there, first in a cabin enclosed on but three sides, and then in a rough log hut without window or door, and with the muddy ground for a floor, Abraham Lincoln's mother succumbed to the malarial infection of the spot and died.

Abraham was then nine years old. The loss of his mother was his first great heart sorrow. He loved her dearly. "All I have and am," Lincoln said in his years of triumph, "I owe to my mother."

A year after the death of his wife, Thomas Lincoln returned to Kentucky and married and brought to his cheerless Indiana home a second wife, the widow Sally Bush Johnson. With her, however, came brightness to that lowly and darkened wilderness home. She had children of her own, but on the motherless children of Thomas Lincoln she bestowed impartially her love and care. All his life Abraham

Lincoln remembered this timely friend of his melancholy childhood days with a touching tenderness, and with constant solicitude for her welfare, comfort and happiness.

Hon. Joseph H. Choate, in his address on Lincoln, delivered before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, November 13, 1900, sympathetically sketches the conditions that surrounded Lincoln and had their influence on him at this seemingly hopeless period of his life.

"From the time when he could barely handle tools until he attained his majority," says Mr. Choate, "Lincoln's life was that of a simple farm laborer, poorly clad, housed and fed, at work either on his father's wretched farm, or hired out to neighboring farmers. * * * His whole schooling, obtained during such odd times as could be spared from grinding labor, did not amount in all to as much as one year, and the quality of the teaching was of the lowest possible grade, including only the elements of reading, writing and cyphering. * * * But it was the constant use of the little knowledge which he had that developed and exercised his mental powers. After the hard day's work was done, while others slept, he toiled on, always reading or writing. From an early age he did his own thinking and made up his own mind—invaluable traits in the future President."

Thomas Lincoln, fate having proved still unkind to him in the dismal Indiana field, in 1830 emigrated to Illinois, where he settled in a wooded section, on the Sangamon River. There, with the help of his son, he put up the log cabin in which he ever after lived, and where he died.

Soon after the removal to Illinois, Abraham Lincoln came to his majority. For two years after arriving at man's estate he was by turns hired farm hand, clerk in a backwoods store, and ready with his hand for any work by which he might earn his daily bread. At twenty-three he was still homeless and penniless, although his force of character, and the use to which he could readily put the crude elements of education he had mastered, had impressed the rude community in which he lived with the belief that he was destined for a life and a career far above any it had to offer him.

Then came his opportunity. The grim old Sac warrior, Black Hawk, for reasons he assumed to be just, had become such a menace to peaceful settlers in Illinois that the Governor of the State was compelled to call for volunteers to suppress him and his predatory bands. This incident is known to history as the Black Hawk War. "I was elected a captain of volunteers," Lincoln wrote in 1859, "a success which gave me more pleasure than any I have had since."

The war had no battle in which Lincoln was engaged, and all the glory he won was the prestige this recognition of his consequence and ability gave him. So great was this that when he returned home to Sangamon County from the war and put himself forward as a

candidate for the Legislature, he carried his home district almost unanimously, although he was defeated in the district at large.

His local fame was made, however, and in 1834, 1836 and 1838 he was elected to the office for which he was defeated the first time, which, he was always proud of saying, was the only time he was ever beaten by the people.

Lincoln made his mark as a legislator, and while serving in that capacity studied law and was admitted to practice. He kept his grasp on the political situation, and in 1846 was elected to Congress. He served one term, and declined a renomination. After retiring from Congress in 1849 he gave more of his attention to the practice of his profession than to politics, and, as he records of himself, was losing interest in the latter when the repeal of the Missouri Compromise aroused him again.

This was in 1854, and it was the beginning of Lincoln's great career which is now familiar world history.

The "Missouri Compromise" was the provision in the act of Congress admitting Missouri into the Union in 1821 as a slave State, a provision insisted upon by the growing anti-slavery sentiment in the Northern States, and by which slavery was forever prohibited in all the territory of the United States lying north of latitude $36^{\circ} 31'$, otherwise known as the Northwest Territory. This guarantee of freedom to that domain quieted for years the slavery agitation as a dominating party issue, but at last the lure of that vast and promising area about which was drawn the taboo against slavery tempted the cupidity of the pro-slavery element of the country beyond all protest of patriotism and wisdom, and to open it to the entrance of slavery, that element being in control of all branches of the Federal Government, the compact of 1821 was repudiated and the repeal of the Missouri Compromise effected.

This aroused the slumbering anti-slavery sentiment in the non-slaveholding States of the Union, and led to the organization in 1856 of the Republican party, "for the avowed purpose of preventing, by constitutional methods, the further extension of slavery."

Lincoln rapidly gained ascendancy in the councils of the new party. His unique personality, his forcefulness of character, his wonderful mastery of every phase of the vital political issues agitating the country, had brought him to the height of a conspicuous national figure, and it was plain to every student of the situation that he was to be reckoned with by no means lightly in the progress of events the shadow of whose approach was creeping ominously over the land.

Verification of this came four years later, when, "at the age of fifty-one, this child of the wilderness, this farm laborer, rail-splitter, flatboatman—this surveyor, lawyer, orator, statesman and patriot found himself elected by the great party which was pledged to prevent

at all hazards the further extension of slavery, as the chief magistrate of the Republic, bound to carry out that purpose, to be the leader and ruler of the nation in its most trying hour."

His great heart bleeding as he contemplated the woes that sectional hate and partisan frenzy had brought upon his beloved country, threatening its life, and for the healing of which all his earnest appeals to the patriotism of his countrymen and eager assurances of his national good will and determination to abide by the traditions of the Constitution and the Union had been rejected, Lincoln bowed his shoulders to the tremendous burden of responsibility that met him at the outset of his administration.

With a marvelous patience; uncomplaining, even magnanimous, under misrepresentation and calumny such as the worst of men might not expect to have put upon them; firm and unwavering; sustained by an abiding faith in the wisdom and justice and patriotism of his policy and course and in the righteousness of his motives; his one sworn purpose to save and preserve to posterity the government whose destinies had been confided to his care, he went forward to the end. Great was his triumph.

"He lived," quoting the eloquent words of Mr. Choate's address, "to see his Proclamation of Emancipation embodied in an amendment of the Constitution, adopted by Congress and submitted to the States for ratification. * * * It was given him to witness the surrender of the Rebel army and the fall of their capital, and the starry flag that he loved waving in triumph over the national soil. When he died by the madman's hand in the supreme hour of victory, the vanquished lost their best friend, and the human race one of its noblest examples; and all the friends of freedom and justice, in whose cause he lived and died, joined hands as mourners at his grave."

President Lincoln was shot by John Wilkes Booth in Ford's Theatre, Washington, on the night of April 14, 1865. He was removed to the Petersen residence, opposite the theatre, where he died at twenty-two minutes after seven o'clock on the morning of April 15, aged 56 years, 2 months and 2 days. There was not a loyal family in the land that did not mourn. He left a fame immortal—as solid as justice and as genuine as truth. Under an appropriate monument his remains lie entombed at Springfield, Illinois, and to-day a happy and united country is doing sacred honor to his memory, and rejoicing in the day that gave him birth to become that country's savior, and to place it for all time upon the firm foundation of Liberty, that the world might hail it as indeed the land of the free and the home for the oppressed of all lands.

Patriotic Warnings and Appeals.

That bitter contention over the issues on which the great political parties were divided at the time Lincoln began his public career bore toward a future of evil portent to the country was early in that career apparent in the prophetic vision of his genius would seem to be evident from his early utterances, public and private. They were eloquent with appeal and warning. They testify to-day to the utter unselfishness of his purpose, to his abiding devotion to country, to his uncompromising Americanism, to his intense love for the Union which he lived to save, at the sacrifice of his own blameless life in the saving.

Patriotic Warnings and Appeals.

FORESEEING A DANGER.

(From an address delivered before the Young Men's Lyceum, Springfield, Ill., January 27, 1837, on "The Perpetuation of Our Political Institutions.")

WE FIND ourselves under the government of a system of political institutions conducing more essentially to the ends of civil and religious liberty than any of which the history of former times tells us. We, when mounting the stage of existence, found ourselves the legal inheritors of these fundamental blessings. We toiled not in the acquirement or establishment of them; they are a legacy bequeathed us by a once hardy, brave, and patriotic, but now lamented and departed race of ancestors. Theirs was the task (and nobly they performed it) to possess themselves, and through themselves us, of this goodly land, and to uprear upon its hills and its valleys a political edifice of liberty and equal rights; 'tis ours only to transmit these—the former unprofaned by the foot of an invader, the latter undecayed by the lapse of time and untorn by usurpation—to the latest generation that fate shall permit the world to know. * * *

At what point then is the approach of danger to be expected? I answer, If it ever reaches us it must spring up amongst us; it cannot come from abroad. If destruction be our lot we must ourselves be its author and finisher. As a nation of freemen we must live through all time, or die by suicide. * * *

That our government should have been maintained in its original form, from its establishment until now, is not much to be wondered at. It had many props to support it through the period, which now are decayed and crumbled away. Through that period it was felt by all to be an undecided experiment; now it is understood to be a successful one. Then, all that sought celebrity and fame and distinction expected to find them in the success of that experiment. * * * If they succeeded they were to be immortalized. If they failed they were to be called knaves and fools, and fanatics for a fleeting hour; then to sink and be forgotten. They succeeded. The experiment is successful, and thousands have won their deathless names in making it so. But the game is caught; and I believe it is true that with the catching end the pleasures of the chase. This field of glory is harvested, and the crop is already appropriated. But new reapers will arise, and they too will seek a field. It is to deny what the history of the world tells us is true, to suppose that men of ambition and talents will not continue to spring up amongst us. And when they do, they will as naturally seek the gratification of their ruling passion as others have done before them. * * * Is it unreasonable, then, to expect that some man possessed of the loftiest genius, coupled with ambition

sufficient to push it to its utmost stretch, will at some time spring up among us? And when such an one does, it will require the people to be united with each other, attached to the government and laws, and generally intelligent, to successfully frustrate his designs.

REVERENCE FOR THE LAWS.

(From the same address.)

Let every American, every lover of liberty, every well-wisher to his posterity swear by the blood of the Revolution never to violate in the least particular the laws of the country, and never to tolerate their violation by others. * * * Let reverence for the laws be breathed by every American mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap; let it be taught in schools, in seminaries, and in colleges; let it be written in primers, spelling-books, and in almanacs; let it be preached from the pulpit, proclaimed in legislative halls, and enforced in courts of justice. And, in short, let it become the political religion of the nation; and let the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the grave and the gay, of all sexes and tongues and colors and conditions, sacrifice unceasingly upon its altars.

While ever a state of feeling such as this shall universally or even very generally prevail throughout the nation, vain will be every effort, and fruitless every attempt, to subvert our national freedom.

“ETERNAL FIDELITY TO THE JUST CAUSE.”

(Peroration of a speech delivered in the House of Representatives of Illinois, in December, 1839, during a discussion that suggested the subject of dangers threatening the country through political corruption and partisan frenzy.)

Many free countries have lost their liberty, and ours may lose hers; but if she shall, be it my proudest plume, not that I was the last to desert, but that I never deserted her. I know that the great volcano at Washington, aroused and directed by the evil spirit that reigns there, is belching forth the lava of political corruption in a current broad and deep, which is sweeping with frightful velocity over the whole length and breadth of the land, bidding fair to leave unscathed no green spot or living thing; while on its bosom are riding, like demons on the waves of hell, the imps of that evil spirit, and fiendishly taunting all those who dare resist its destroying course with the hopelessness of their effort; and, knowing this, I cannot deny that all may be swept away. Broken by it I, too, may be; bow to it I never will. The probability that we fall in the struggle ought not to deter us from the support of a cause we believe to be just; it shall not deter me. If ever I feel the soul within me elevate and expand to those dimensions not wholly unworthy

of its almighty Architect, it is when I contemplate the cause of my country, deserted by all the world beside, and I standing up boldly and alone, and hurling defiance at her victorious oppressors. Here, without contemplating consequences, before high heaven and in the face of the world, I swear eternal fidelity to the just cause, as I deem it, of the land of my life, my liberty, and my love. And who that thinks with me will not fearlessly adopt the oath that I take? Let none falter who thinks he is right, and we may succeed. But if, after all, we shall fail, be it so. We still have the proud consolation of saying to our consciences, and to the departed shade of our country's freedom, that the cause approved of our judgment, and adored of our hearts, in disaster, in chains, in torture, in death, we never faltered in defending.

VIGOROUS TALK TO A PRESIDENT.

(From his speech in Congress, January 12, 1848. The Mexican War was in progress while Lincoln was a Representative in Congress. He did not believe the war was a just one on the part of our government, but one begun and waged for selfish political purposes. The first speech of his in Congress to be printed was a criticism of the message of President James K. Polk regarding the war, and was delivered on the above date. It abounds in the bold, axiomatic, aggressive, thought-impelling terms of speech that stamp Lincoln's utterances with the mark of genius.)

Now, sir, for the purpose of obtaining the very best evidence as to whether Texas had actually carried her revolution to the place where the hostilities of the present [Mexican] war commenced, let the President answer the interrogatories I proposed * * * or some other similar ones. Let him answer fully, fairly, and candidly. Let him answer with facts and not with arguments. Let him remember he sits where Washington sat, and so remembering, let him answer as Washington would answer. As a nation should not, and the Almighty will not, be evaded, so let him attempt no evasion—no equivocation. And if, so answering, he can show that the soil was ours where the first blood of the war was shed—that it was not within an inhabited country, or, if within such, that the inhabitants had submitted themselves to the civil authority of Texas or of the United States, then I am with him for his justification. * * * But if he cannot or will not do this—if on any pretense or no pretense he shall refuse or omit it—then I shall be fully convinced of what I more than suspect already—that he is deeply conscious of being in the wrong; that he feels the blood of this war, like the blood of Abel, is crying to Heaven against him; that originally having some strong motive—what, I will not stop now to give my opinion concerning—to involve the two countries in a war, and trusting to escape scrutiny by fixing the public gaze upon the exceeding brightness of military glory—that attractive rainbow that

rises in showers of blood—that serpent’s eye that charms to destroy—he plunged into it, and has swept on and on till, disappointed in his calculation of the ease with which Mexico might be subdued, he now finds himself he knows not where. How like the half-insane mumbling of a fever dream is the whole war part of his late message! * * * All this shows that the President is in nowise satisfied with his own positions. First he takes up one, and in attempting to argue us into it he argues himself out of it, then seizes another and goes through the same process, and then, confused at being able to think of nothing new, he snatches up the old one again, which he has some time before cast off. His mind, taxed beyond his power, is running hither and thither, like some tortured creature on a burning surface, finding no position on which it can settle down and be at ease. * * * At the end of about twenty months, during which time our arms have given us the most splendid successes, every department and every part, land and water, officers and privates, regulars and volunteers, doing all that men could do, and hundreds of things which it had ever before been thought men could not do—after all this, this same President gives a long message, without showing us that as to the end he himself has even an imaginary conception. As I have before said, he knows not where he is. He is a bewildered, confounded, and miserably perplexed man. God grant he may be able to show there is not something about his conscience more painful than all his mental perplexity.

THE WAY FOR A YOUNG MAN TO RISE.

(From a letter to William H. Herndon, July 10, 1848.)

I cannot but think there is some mistake in your impression of the motives of the old men. I suppose I am now one of the old men; and I declare, on my veracity, which I think is good with you, that nothing could afford me more satisfaction than to learn that you and others of my young friends at home are doing battle in the contest, and endearing themselves to the people, and taking a stand far above any I have ever been able to reach in their admiration. I cannot conceive that other old men feel differently. Of course I cannot demonstrate what I say; but I was young once, and I am sure I was never ungenerously thrust back. I hardly know what to say. The way for a young man to rise is to improve himself every way he can, never suspecting that anybody wishes to hinder him. Allow me to assure you that suspicion and jealousy never did help any man in any situation. There may sometimes be ungenerous attempts to keep a young man down; and they will succeed, too, if he allows his mind to be diverted from its true channel to brood over the attempted injury. Cast about, and see if this feeling has not injured every person you have ever known to fall into it.

DANGER TO LIBERTY IN DISCARDING THE ANCIENT FAITH.

(From the speech at Peoria, Ill., October 16, 1854, in reply to Douglas's advocacy of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise.)

Little by little, but steadily as man's march to the grave, we have been giving up the old for the new faith. Near eighty years ago we began by declaring that all men are created equal; but now from that beginning we have run down to the other declaration, that for some men to enslave others is a "sacred right of self-government." These principles cannot stand together. They are as opposite as God and Mammon; and whoever holds to the one must despise the other. * * * Already the liberal party throughout the world express the apprehension "that the one retrograde institution in America is undermining the principles of progress, and fatally violating the noblest political system the world ever saw." This is not the taunt of enemies, but the warning of friends. Is it quite safe to disregard it—to despise it? Is there no danger to liberty itself in discarding the earliest practice and first precept of our ancient faith? In our greedy chase to make profit of the negro, let us beware lest we "cancel and tear in pieces" even the white man's charter of freedom.

Our republican robe is soiled and trailed in the dust. Let us repurify it. Let us turn and wash it white in the spirit, if not the blood, of the Revolution. Let us turn slavery from its claims of "moral right" back upon its existing legal rights and its arguments of "necessity." Let us return it to the position our fathers gave it, and there let it rest in peace. Let us readopt the Declaration of Independence, and with it the practices and policy which harmonize with it. Let North and South—let all Americans—let all lovers of liberty everywhere join in the great and good work. If we do this, we shall not only have saved the Union, but we shall have so saved it as to make and to keep it forever worthy of the saving. We shall have so saved it that the succeeding millions of free happy people, the world over, shall rise up and call us blessed to the latest generations.

"YOU SHALL NOT."

(From a speech during the Fremont-Buchanan presidential campaign, delivered at Galena, Ill., August 1, 1856.)

You further charge us with being disunionists. If you mean that it is our aim to dissolve the Union, I for myself answer that it is untrue; for those who act with me I answer that it is untrue. * * * We, the majority, would not strive to dissolve the Union; and if any attempt is made, it must be by you, who so loudly stigmatize us as disunionists. But the Union, in any event, will not be dissolved. We don't want to dissolve it, and if you attempt it we won't let you.

With the purse and sword, the army and navy and treasury, in our hands and at our command, you could not do it. This government would be very weak indeed if a majority with a disciplined army and navy and a well-filled treasury could not preserve itself when attacked by an unarmed, undisciplined, unorganized minority. All this talk about the dissolution of the Union is humbug, nothing but folly. We do not want to dissolve the Union; you shall not.

“A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.”

(From a speech delivered June 16, 1858, before the Illinois Republican State Convention at Springfield, Ill., which had nominated him for United States Senator; the epigrammatic and prophetic declaration which stirred the country as it had never been stirred before by any political utterance.)

We are now far into the fifth year since a policy was initiated with the avowed object and confident promise of putting an end to slavery agitation. Under the operation of that policy, that agitation has not only not ceased, but has constantly augmented. In my opinion, it will not cease until a crisis shall have been reached and passed. “A house divided against itself cannot stand.” I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved—I do not expect the house to fall—but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing, or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction; or its advocates will push it forward till it shall become alike lawful in all the States, old as well as new, North as well as South.

“THE ELECTRIC CORD” IN THE DECLARATION.

(From a speech delivered at Chicago, Ill., July 10, 1858, during the Lincoln-Douglas campaign.)

It happens that we meet together once every year, somewhere about the 4th of July. * * * We are now a mighty nation; we are thirty, or about thirty, millions of people, and we own and inhabit about one-fifteenth part of the dry land of the whole earth. We run our memory back over the pages of history for about eighty-two years, and we discover that we were then a very small people, in point of numbers vastly inferior to what we are now, with a vastly less extent of country, with vastly less of everything we deem desirable among men. We look upon the change as exceedingly advantageous to us and to our posterity, and we fix upon something that happened away back as in some way or other being connected with this rise of prosperity. We find a race of men living in that day whom we claim as our fathers and grandfathers; they were iron men; they fought for the principles

that they were contending for; and we understood that by what they then did it has followed that the degree of prosperity which we now enjoy has come to us. We hold this annual celebration to remind ourselves of all the good done in this process of time, of how it was done and who did it, and how we are historically connected with it; and we go from these meetings in better humor with ourselves—we feel more attached the one to the other, and more firmly bound to the country we inhabit. In every way we are better men, in the age, and race, and country in which we live, for these celebrations. But after we have done all this, we have not yet reached the whole. There is something else connected with it. We have, besides these men—descended by blood from our ancestors—among us, perhaps half our people who are not descendants at all of these men; they are men who have come from Europe—German, Irish, French, and Scandinavian—men that have come from Europe themselves, or whose ancestors have come hither and settled here, finding themselves our equal in all things. If they look back through this history to trace their connection with those days by blood, they find they have none; they cannot carry themselves back into that glorious epoch and make themselves feel that they are part of us; but when they look through that old Declaration of Independence, they find that those old men say that “We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal,” and then they feel that that moral sentiment taught in that day evidences their relation to those men, that it is the father of all moral principles in them, and that they have a right to claim it as though they were blood of the blood, and flesh of the flesh, of the men who wrote that Declaration, and so they are. That is the electric cord in that Declaration that links the hearts of patriotic and liberty-loving men together, that will link those patriotic hearts as long as the love of freedom exists in the minds of men throughout the world.

FREEDOM'S RIGHT FOR ALL, WHEREVER BORN.

(From a letter, May 17, 1859, in answer to one from German citizens asking him if he was for or against a constitutional provision restricting the naturalization of foreigners, then lately adopted by Massachusetts.)

Massachusetts is a sovereign and independent State; and it is no privilege of mine to scold her for what she does. Still, if from what she has done an inference is sought to be drawn as to what I would do, I may without impropriety speak out. I say, then, that, as I understand the Massachusetts provision, I am against its adoption in Illinois, or in any other place where I have a right to oppose it. Understanding the spirit of our institutions to aim at the elevation of men, I am opposed to whatever tends to degrade them. I have some little notoriety for commiserating the oppressed negro; and I should be strangely inconsistent if I could favor any project for curtailing the existing

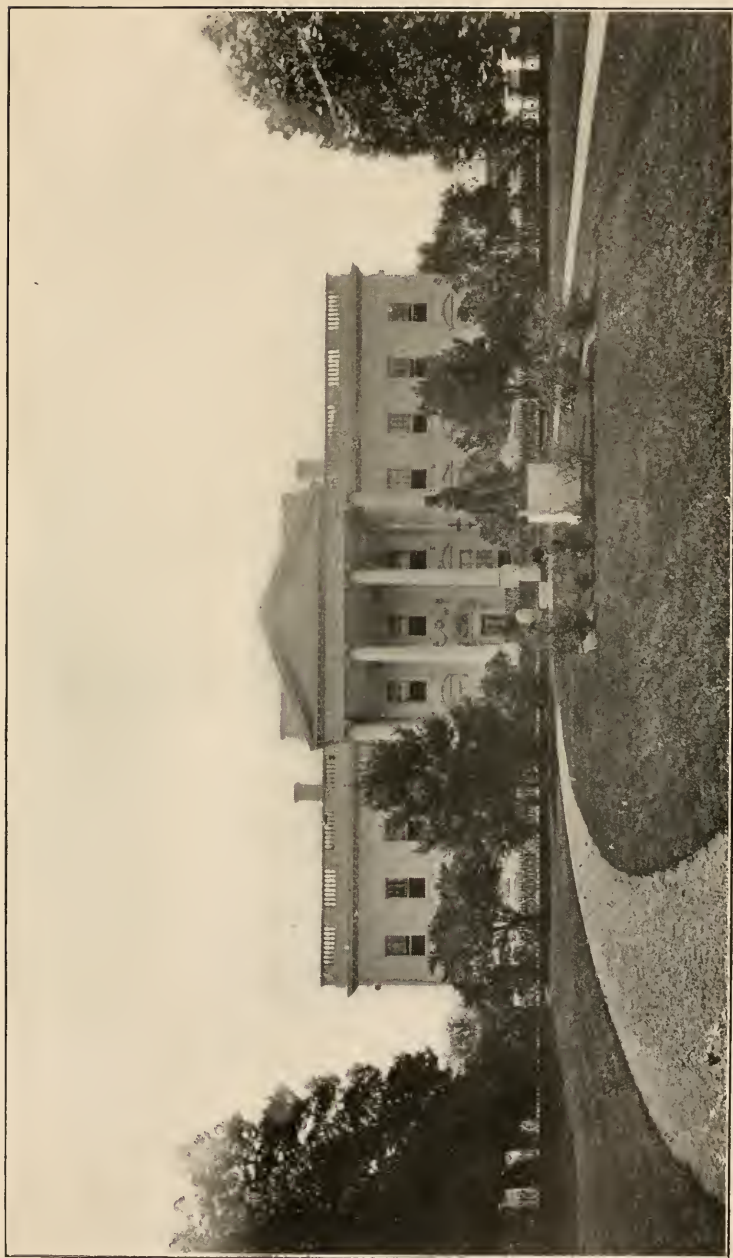
rights of white men, even though born in different lands, and speaking different languages from myself.

BROTHERS OF A COMMON COUNTRY.

(From remarks made to his fellow citizens at Springfield, Ill., at a meeting held November 20, 1860, in celebration of his election to the Presidency.)

In all our rejoicings, let us neither express nor cherish any hard feelings toward any citizen who by his vote has differed with us. Let us at all times remember that all American citizens are brothers of a common country, and should dwell together in the bonds of fraternal feeling.





THE WHITE HOUSE IN LINCOLN'S TIME.

As He Journeyed to Washington.

Bidding a pathetic farewell to his old-time friends and neighbors in Springfield, Ill., February 11, 1861, Lincoln departed on the journey to Washington to take up the duties of the great office to which he had been chosen. He was greeted everywhere on the way with assurances of loyalty and support in the crisis that now seemed inevitable. During the journey he delivered some of the most eloquent and impressive addresses of his career, all breathing the same supreme moral principle, patriotic impulse, and firmness of purpose that had from the beginning marked him as a man of wondrous fitness for the mighty task his country had called him to execute.

As He Journeped to Washington.

A PATHETIC PARTING.

(Lincoln's farewell words on leaving his Springfield home, February 11, 1861.)

MY FRIENDS—No one, not in my situation, can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place, and the kindness of these people, I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born, and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance, I cannot fail. Trusting in Him who can go with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

THE DUTY OF THE PEOPLE.

(From his reply to Governor Morton's address of welcome at Indianapolis, Ind., February 11, 1861.)

You have been pleased to address yourself to me chiefly in behalf of this glorious Union in which we live, in all of which you have my hearty sympathy, and, as far as may be within my power, will have, one and inseparably, my hearty co-operation. While I do not expect, upon this occasion, or until I get to Washington, to attempt any lengthy speech, I will only say that to the salvation of the Union there needs but one single thing, the hearts of a people like yours. When the people rise in mass in behalf of the Union and the liberties of this country, truly may it be said, "The gates of hell cannot prevail against them." In all trying positions in which I shall be placed, and doubtless I shall be placed in many such, my reliance will be upon you and the people of the United States; and I wish you to remember, now and forever, that it is your business, and not mine; that if the union of these States and the liberties of this people shall be lost, it is but little to any one man of fifty-two years of age, but a great deal to the thirty millions of people who inhabit these United States, and to their posterity in all coming time. It is your business to rise up and preserve the Union and liberty for yourselves, and not for me. I appeal to you again to constantly bear in mind that not with politicians, not with Presidents, not with office-seekers, but with you, is the question: Shall the Union and shall the liberties of this country be preserved to the latest generations?

FOR SUPPORT IN HIS GREAT TASK.

(From an address to the Legislature of Ohio at Columbus, February 13, 1861.)

It is true * * * that very great responsibility rests upon me in the position to which the votes of the American people have called me. I am deeply sensible of that weighty responsibility. I cannot but know what you all know, that without a name, perhaps without a reason why I should have a name, there has fallen upon me a task such as did not rest even upon the Father of his Country; and so feeling, I can turn and look for that support without which it will be impossible for me to perform that great task. I turn, then, and look to the American people, and to that God who has never forsaken them.

WILLING TO LIVE AND DIE BY HIS FAITH.

(Address in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, February 22, 1861.)

I am filled with deep emotion at finding myself standing in this place, where were collected together the wisdom, the patriotism, the devotion to principle, from which sprang the institutions under which we live. * * * All the political sentiments I entertain have been drawn, so far as I have been able to draw them, from the sentiments which originated in and were given to the world from this hall. I have never had a feeling, politically, that did not spring from the sentiments embodied in the Declaration of Independence. * * * I have often inquired of myself what great principle or idea it was that kept this Confederacy so long together. It was not the mere matter of separation of the colonies from the motherland, but that sentiment in the Declaration of Independence which gave liberty not alone to the people of this country, but hope to all the world, for all future time. It was that which gave promise that in due time the weights would be lifted from the shoulders of all men, and that all should have an equal chance. This is the sentiment emphasized in the Declaration of Independence. Now, my friends, can this country be saved on that basis? If it can, I will consider myself one of the happiest men in the world if I can help to save it. * * * But if this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, I was about to say I would rather be assassinated on this spot than surrender it. Now, in my view of the present aspect of affairs, there is no need of bloodshed and war. There is no necessity for it. I am not in favor of such a course; and I may say in advance that there will be no bloodshed unless it is forced upon the government. The government will not use force unless force is used against it. * * * I may * * * have said something indiscreet. [Cries of "No, no."] But I have said nothing but what I am willing to live by, and, if it be the pleasure of Almighty God, to die by.

A Master in the Crisis.

No man was called upon ever to face so desperate, so disheartening a situation as that which confronted Lincoln when he became President, March 4, 1861. His conciliatory and patriotic appeals had been unheeded by the South, and her leaders were already preparing for war. The crisis was at hand, and Lincoln threw his great heart and soul into renewed effort to avert it, all in vain.

A Master in the Crisis.

THE AMERICAN UNION CANNOT BE BROKEN.

(From Lincoln's First Inaugural Address, March 4, 1861.)

I hold that, in contemplation of universal law and of the Constitution, the Union of these States is perpetual. Perpetuity is implied, if not expressed, in the fundamental law of all national governments. It is safe to assert that no government proper ever had a provision in its organic law for its own termination. Continue to execute all the express provisions of our National Constitution, and the Union will endure forever—it being impossible to destroy it except by some action not provided for in the instrument itself.

Again, if the United States be not a government proper, but an association of States in the nature of contract merely, can it, as a contract, be peaceably unmade by less than all the parties who made it? One party to a contract may violate it—break it, so to speak; but does it not require all to lawfully rescind it?

Descending from these general principles, we find the proposition that in legal contemplation the Union is perpetual confirmed by the history of the Union itself. The Union is much older than the Constitution. It was formed, in fact, by the Articles of Association in 1774. It was matured and continued by the Declaration of Independence in 1776. It was further matured, and the faith of all the then thirteen States expressly plighted and engaged that it should be perpetual, by the Articles of Confederation in 1778. And, finally, in 1787 one of the declared objects for ordaining and establishing the Constitution was “to form a more perfect Union.”

But if the destruction of the Union by one or by a part only of the States be lawfully possible, the Union is less perfect than before the Constitution, having lost the vital element of perpetuity.

It follows from these views that no State upon its own mere motion can lawfully get out of the Union; that resolves and ordinances to that effect are legally void; and that acts of violence, within any State or States, against the authority of the United States, are insurrectionary or revolutionary, according to circumstances.

I therefore consider that, in view of the Constitution and the laws, the Union is unbroken; and to the extent of my ability I shall take care, as the Constitution itself expressly enjoins upon me, that the laws of the Union be faithfully executed in all the States. Doing this I deem to be only a simple duty on my part; and I shall perform it so far as practicable, unless my rightful masters, the American people, shall withhold the requisite means, or in some authoritative manner direct the contrary. I trust this will not be regarded as a menace, but only as the declared purpose of the Union that it will constitutionally defend and maintain itself.

A LAST APPEAL TO PATRIOTISM AND REASON.

(From Lincoln's First Inaugural Address, March 4, 1861.)

My countrymen, one and all, think calmly and well upon this whole subject. Nothing valuable can be lost by taking time. If there be an object to any of you to hurry in hot haste to a step which you would never take deliberately, that object will be frustrated by taking time; but no good object can be frustrated by it. Such of you as are now dissatisfied, still have the old Constitution unimpaired, and, on the sensitive point, the laws of your own framing under it; while the new administration will have no immediate power, if it would, to change either. If it were admitted that you who are dissatisfied hold the right side in the dispute, there still is no single good reason for precipitate action. Intelligence, patriotism, Christianity, and a firm reliance on Him who has never yet forsaken this favored land, are still competent to adjust in the best way all our present difficulty.

In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government, while I shall have the most solemn one to "preserve, protect and defend it."

I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic cords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

TO SAVE THE UNION, FIRST OF ALL.

(A letter to Horace Greeley, editor of the New York "Tribune," who, under the heading of "The Prayer of Twenty Millions," had addressed to Lincoln in the editorial columns of his paper of August 20, 1862, and over his own signature, a bitter rebuke of Lincoln's management of the war, and particularly of his policy in delaying the freeing of the Southern slaves.)

I have just read yours of the 19th, addressed to myself through the New York "Tribune." If there be in it any statements or assumptions of fact which I may know to be erroneous, I do not, now and here, controvert them. If there be in it any inferences which I may believe to be falsely drawn, I do not, now and here, argue against them. If there be perceptible in it an impatient and dictatorial tone, I waive it in deference to an old friend whose heart I have always supposed to be right.

As to the policy I "seem to be pursuing," as you say, I have not meant to leave any one in doubt.

I would save the Union. I would save it the shortest way under the Constitution. The sooner the national authority can be restored, the nearer the Union will be "the Union as it was." If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them. If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time destroy slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or to destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that. What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union; and what I forbear I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union. I shall do less whenever I shall believe what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do more whenever I shall believe doing more will help the cause. I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views.

I have here stated my purpose according to my view of official duty; and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that all men everywhere could be free.

"FREEDOM TO THE SLAVE ASSURES FREEDOM TO THE FREE."

(From the Annual Message, December 1, 1862. September 22, 1862, Lincoln issued a preliminary proclamation declaring that on January 1, 1863, all slaves held in States or parts of States in rebellion should be free, in accordance with the terms of a final proclamation to be issued on that date. His annual message to Congress, December 1, 1862, was largely devoted to the presentation of the vital question.)

Our national strife springs not from our permanent part, not from the land we inhabit, not from our national homestead. There is no possible severing of this but would multiply, and not mitigate, evils among us. In all its adaptations and aptitudes it demands union and abhors separation. In fact, it would ere long force reunion, however much of blood and treasure the separation might have cost.

Our strife pertains to ourselves—to the passing generations of men; and it can without convulsion be hushed forever with the passing of one generation.

We say we are for the Union. The world will not forget that we say this. We know how to save the Union. The world knows we do know how to save it. We—even we here—hold the power and bear the responsibility. In giving freedom to the slave, we assure freedom to the free—honorable alike in what we give and what we preserve. We shall nobly save or meanly lose the last, best hope of earth. Other

means may succeed; this could not fail. The way is plain, peaceful, generous, just—a way which, if followed, the world will forever applaud, and God must forever bless.

THE SHACKLES BROKEN.

(Final Emancipation Proclamation, January 1, 1863.)

Whereas, on the twenty-second day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, a proclamation was issued by the President of the United States, containing, among other things, the following, to wit:

That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State, or designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward, and forever free; and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom.

That the Executive will, on the first day of January aforesaid, by proclamation, designate the States and parts of States, if any, in which the people thereof respectively shall then be in rebellion against the United States; and the fact that any State, or the people thereof, shall on that day be in good faith represented in the Congress of the United States by members chosen thereto at elections wherein a majority of the qualified voters of such State shall have participated, shall in the absence of strong countervailing testimony be deemed conclusive evidence that such State and the people thereof are not then in rebellion against the United States.

Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, by virtue of the power in me vested as commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States, in time of actual armed rebellion against the authority and government of the United States, and as a fit and necessary war measure for suppressing said rebellion, do, on this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and in accordance with my purpose so to do, publicly proclaimed for the full period of one hundred days from the day first above mentioned, order and designate as the States and parts of States wherein the people thereof, respectively, are this day in rebellion against the United States, the following, to wit:

Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana (except the parishes of St. Bernard, Plaquemines, Jefferson, St. John, St. Charles, St. James, Ascension, Assumption, Terre Bonne, Lafourche, St. Mary, St. Martin, and Orleans, including the city of New Orleans), Mississippi, Alabama,

Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Virginia (except the forty-eight counties designated as West Virginia, and also the counties of Berkeley, Accomac, Northampton, Elizabeth City, York, Princess Ann, and Norfolk, including the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth), and which excepted parts are for the present left precisely as if this proclamation were not issued.

And by virtue of the power and for the purpose aforesaid, I do order and declare that all persons held as slaves within said designated States and parts of States are, and henceforward shall be, free; and that the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of said persons.

And I hereby enjoin upon the people so declared to be free to abstain from all violence, unless in necessary self-defense; and I recommend to them that, in all cases when allowed, they labor faithfully for reasonable wages.

And I further declare and make known that such persons of suitable condition will be received into the armed service of the United States to garrison forts, positions, stations, and other places, and to man vessels of all sorts in said service.

And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God.

ON THE FIELD OF GETTYSBURG.

(The Gettysburg Address. November 19, 1863, a portion of the battlefield of Gettysburg was dedicated and consecrated as a national cemetery, where the remains of the heroes who fell in that decisive struggle at arms might find a fitting last resting place. Edward Everett was the orator on the occasion, and Lincoln followed him in an address—"an address of dedication so pertinent," in the words of Lincoln's biographers, Nicolay and Hay, "so brief yet so comprehensive, so terse yet so eloquent, linking the deeds of the present to the thoughts of the future, with simple words, in such loving, original, yet exquisitely molded, maxim-like phrases that the best critics have awarded it an unquestionable rank as one of the world's masterpieces in rhetorical art.")

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

SEEING A GENERAL'S WORTH THROUGH HIS FAULTS.

(Letter to General Joseph Hooker, January 26, 1863.)

General—I have placed you at the head of the Army of the Potomac. Of course I have done this upon what appear to me to be sufficient reasons, and yet I think it best for you to know that there are some things in regard to which I am not quite satisfied with you. I believe you to be a brave and skillful soldier, which of course I like. I also believe you do not mix politics with your profession, in which you are right. You have confidence in yourself, which is a valuable if not an indispensable quality. You are ambitious, which, within reasonable bounds, does good rather than harm; but I think that during General Burnside's command of the army you have taken counsel of your ambition and thwarted him as much as you could, in which you did a great wrong to the country and to a most meritorious and honorable brother officer. I have heard, in such a way as to believe it, of your recently saying that both the army and the government needed a dictator. Of course it was not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you the command. Only those generals who gain successes can set up dictators. What I now ask of you is military success, and I will risk the dictatorship. The government will support you to the utmost of its ability, which is neither more nor less than it has done and will do for all commanders. I much fear that the spirit which you have aided to infuse into the army, of criticizing their commander and withholding confidence from him, will now turn upon you. I shall assist you as far as I can to put it down. Neither you nor Napoleon, if he were alive again, could get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it; and now beware of rashness. Beware of rashness, but with energy and sleepless vigilance go forward and give us victories.

“THAT WE MAY NOT LOSE OUR BIRTHRIGHT.”

(From an address to the 166th Ohio regiment, August 22, 1864.)

I almost always feel inclined, when I happen to say anything to soldiers, to impress upon them, in a few brief remarks, the importance of success in this contest. It is not merely for to-day, but for all time to come, that we should perpetuate for our children's children that great and free government which we have enjoyed all our lives. I beg you to remember this, not merely for my sake, but for yours. I happen, temporarily, to occupy this White House. I am a living witness that any one of your children may look to come here as my father's child has. It is in order that each one of you may have, through this free government which we have enjoyed, an open field and a fair chance for your industry, enterprise, and intelligence; that you may all have equal privileges in the race of life, with all its desirable human aspirations. It is for this the struggle should be maintained, that we may not lose our birthright—not only for one, but for two or three years. The nation is worth fighting for, to secure such an inestimable jewel.

“WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE; WITH CHARITY FOR ALL.”

(Second Inaugural Address, March 4, 1865. Lincoln was re-elected President in 1864. The work he had done, against armed foes in front and unarmed foes, masked as friends, behind, was endorsed by an overwhelming majority. His second inaugural address is one of the immortal classics of our political literature.)

Fellow-countrymen—At this second appearing to take the oath of the presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then a statement, somewhat in detail, of the course to be pursued, seemed fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented. The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself; and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it—all sought to avert it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war—seeking to dissolve the Union, and divide effects, by negotiation. Both

parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive; and the other would accept war rather than let it perish. And the war came.

One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was, somehow, the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union, even by war; while the government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it.

Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered—that of neither has been answered fully.

The Almighty has His own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offenses! for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope—fervently do we pray—that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn by the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.



HOUSE IN WHICH LINCOLN DIED,

No. 516 Tenth St., N. W., opposite Ford's Theatre, Washington, D. C.

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His Great Human Sympathy.

Firm as a rock, and unbending in holding men to their duty, Lincoln was yet so overflowing with human sympathy and mercy that even the pressure and weight of momentous and distressing State affairs did not deter him from expressing the one or granting the other. Troubled as his great heart constantly was in those days, it was never so full of trouble that he had not room in it for comfort and cheer and consolation for others. Even the petty and passing griefs of childhood claimed his sympathy at all times. He ever brought smiles from tears.

His Great Human Sympathy.

THE LOSS OF "TAD'S" NANNY GOAT.

(From a letter to Mrs. Lincoln, August 8, 1863. "Tad" was Lincoln's little boy, the pet of the White House.)

Tell dear Tad poor "Nanny Goat" is lost, and Mrs. Cuthbert and I are in distress about it. The day you left, Nanny was found resting herself and chewing her little cud on the middle of Tad's bed; but now she's gone! The gardener kept complaining that she destroyed the flowers, till it was concluded to bring her down to the White House. This was done, and the second day she had disappeared and has not been heard of since. This is the last we know of poor "Nanny."

THE CASE OF A MAN NAMED KING.

(Telegrams to General Meade from the Executive Mansion, November 20, 1863.)

If there is a man by the name of King under sentence to be shot, please suspend execution till further order, and send record.

An intelligent woman in deep distress, called this morning, saying her husband, a lieutenant in the Army of Potomac, was to be shot next Monday for desertion, and putting a letter in my hand, upon which I relied for particulars, she left without mentioning a name or other particular by which to identify the case. On opening the letter I found it equally vague, having nothing to identify by, except her own signature, which seems to be "Mrs. Anna S. King." I could not again find her. If you have a case which you shall think is probably the one intended, please apply my dispatch of this morning to it.

A MOTHER'S SACRIFICE UPON THE ALTAR OF FREEDOM.

(Letter to Mrs. Bixby, November 21, 1864.)

Dear Madam—I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

IN BEHALF OF A SOLDIER'S WIDOWED MOTHER.

(Letter to Secretary Stanton, March 1, 1864.)

My Dear Sir—A poor widow, by the name of Baird, has a son in the army, that for some offense has been sentenced to serve a long time without pay, or at most with very little pay. I do not like this punishment of withholding pay—it falls so very hard upon poor families. After he had been serving in this way for several months, at the tearful appeal of the poor mother, I made a direction that he be allowed to enlist for a new term, on the same conditions as others. She now comes, and says she cannot get it acted upon. Please do it.

RECOGNIZING THE SYMPATHY OF YOUNG HEARTS.

(Letter to Mrs. Horace Mann, Washington, April 5, 1864.)

Madam—The petition of persons under eighteen, praying that I would free all slave children, and the heading of which petition it appears you wrote, was handed me a few days since by Senator Sumner. Please tell these little people I am very glad their young hearts are so full of just and generous sympathy, and that, while I have not the power to grant all they ask, I trust they will remember that God has, and that, as it seems, He wills to do it.

The "Scurril Jester's" Recantation.

Lincoln, from the time he became a political leader, and during his brief term of power, was doubtless the object of more abuse, villification and ridicule than any other man in the world. Not only was he the victim in this respect of defamers at home, but London *Punch*, the influence of whose satire was great in England, where it was important to the Union cause that favor should prevail, was offensively conspicuous in outrageous caricature of Lincoln and in scurrilous references to him and the cause. But when he fell by the hand of the assassin reviling everywhere changed to homage, and in none of his sometime detractors was the change more eloquent and completely magnanimous than that shown in *Punch's* recantation. Hence the great significance of this poem.

The "Scurril Jester's" Recantation.

(From London Punch, May 6, 1865.)

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Foully Assassinated April 14, 1865.

You lay a wreath on murdered LINCOLN's bier,
You, who with mocking pencil went to trace,
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine, of art to please.

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
Judging each step, as though the way were plain;
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph,
Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain.

Beside this corpse that bears for winding sheet
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurril-jester, is there room for *you*?

Yes, he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil and confute my pen—
To make me own this kind of prince's peer,
This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learned to rue,
Noting how to occasion's height he rose,
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true,
How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows.

How humble, yet how hopeful he could be,
How in good fortune and in ill the same;
Nor bitter in success nor boastful he,
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work—such work as few
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand—
As one who knows, where there's a task to do,
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command.

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
That God makes instruments to work his will,
If but that will we can arrive to know,
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting might—

The uncleared forests, the unbroken soil,
The iron-bark, that turns the lumberer's axe,
The rapid, that o'erbears the boatman's toil,
The prairie, hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks.

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear—
Such were the needs that helped his youth to train;
Rough culture—but such trees large fruit may bear,
If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,
And lived to do it; four long-suffering years'
Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report lived through,
And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering mood:
Till, as he came on light, from darkening days,
And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,

A felon hand, between the goal and him,
Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest—
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest!

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and in his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
To thoughts of peace on earth, good-will to men.

The Old World, and the New, from sea to sea,
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame!
Sore heart, so stopped when it beat high,
Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came.

A deed accurst! Strokes have been struck before
By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt
If more of horror or disgrace they bore;
But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly out.

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,
Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven;
And with the martyr's crown crownest a life
Much to praise, little to be forgiven!



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